TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 7.

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Circulation Books Always Open.

It is to be hoped that the Park Commission after its hearing to morrow in the Stuyyesant

Park matter, will take prompt measures to redeem that casis of green to the full use of the people. Fortunately this Board is composed of liberal and public-spirited gentlemen, and it would seem incredible that they should adopt any course inconsistent with justice and the people's rights. The agitation of this matter by THE EVEN-

me WonLD has been carried on with no view of coercing these centlemen into doing what is their simple duty, but for the purpose of presenting the people's case for their consideration in its overwhelming strength. We feel confident that the Commissioners will not be swerved from their devotion to the general welfare by the selfish clamor of a few property-holders, The gates will be opened, and then will be

rendered unto the people the things that are the people's.

TAKING THE FIELD.

Barkis is willing, Yesterday Mr. ABBAM S. HEWITT announced in THE EVENING Worne's columns his gracious consent to accept a renomination for Mayor rather than disappoint the people of New York. The sacrifice is great and the patriotism that prompts it ought to be duly appreciated by a grateful people. Mr. Hawirr loves a calm, quiet life, in which his gentle disposition and amiable temper may be allowed to flow smoothly and placidly along without urbing ripple. Yet he is wilting to be for two years longer the stings and arrows of outrageous Aldermen with their perpetual peanut-stand resolutions, and to even endure the irritating GIBBENS and his Subway Commission at the call of duty and the County Democracy.

This is a most striking exhibition of public spirit overcoming personal wishes, and Pasha Power ought to be proud of his success in removing Mr. HEWITT's reluctance to accept a renomination. The people may now expect a letter from District-Attorney FELLOWS extolling our energetic Mayor's simple Christian life. It is a little doubtful, however, whether President CLEVELAND will deem it expedient to mix up in a local municipal contest by advising the Democracy of the city to unite in supporting Mr. HEWITT for Mayor.

BLAINE'S WELCOME.

Mr. BLAINE is expected to arrive to-mor. row, and the preparations for his reception will be completed to-day. It will be a grand and imposing affair. Clubs from several of the States will be represented by delegations, the most prominent politicians of the party will be present to bid hail to the Chief, and it is calculated that some forty thousand persons will be in line in the procession.

Mr. BLANK will probably realize from the demonstration what a splendid run for the Presidency he might have made had he accepted the nomination which he could have had, not for the asking, but by simply holding his peace. Will any such feeling steal over him as the Sam Sloan steams alongside the City of New York and he is greeted by his old friends, STEVE ELEURS, JOE MANLEY, Sitting Bull Lawson and Boss PLATT, all of whom are going with the distinguished party down the bay to meet him?

Well, Mr. BLAINE will be enthusiastically welcomed by his friends. As he will doubt less impart courage to the campaign, is it not a little out of place for the New York politicians to have adopted as their button-hole badge a small white plume which looks very much like a display of the white feather ?

The wisdom of any attempt to interfere with or cripple the work of the Supervisor of Elections, who is charged with the duty of preventing illegal voting in elections where Federal officers and Congressmen are to be chosen, may well be doubted. If the law is an oppressive and improper one, let it be re-

pealed or changed. But every one ought to be glad of any instrumentality that will check frauds on the ballot-box. Mr. Joun L DAVENPORT may be an unfit person for Supervisor, but he seems to have the best of the controversy with the Department of Justice, which proposes to restrict his powers.

Mrs. WILLIAM O'SULLIVAN DIMPPEL is the Baltimore "society " belle who is to follow Mrs. LANGTRY and Mrs. POTTER into the theatrical profession. It is asserted, however, that the fair DIMPPEL is really an actress. This will be tested at once, because the play in which she is to appear is one of the modern ' tank " dramas in which the heroine jumps into the water and rescues her lover from drowning. Mrs. DIMPPEL is an expert swimmer. A "society" actress who does not intrust her histrionic fame in the hands of the modiste, but appears before the audience in wet and draggled skirts, will be a

The hearing of the motion for an injunction to restrain Coroner MESSEMER from compelling Secretary McLEAN, of the Twenty-third Street Railroad Company, to produce the company's record of slaughter and maimings on the road, or from punishing him for contempt, was postponed yesterday on the motion of the Assistant District-Attorney. Coroner MESSEMES intends to do his whole duty in this case, and it is not in the vicinity, who hope to defeat the peoprobable that any Judge of the Supreme Court will seek to tie his hands.

" He was a man of brain as well as of heart, of thought as well as of action," is the people, every one with the popular wel-Gen. TROUMSER SHERMAN'S tribute to PHIL fare at heart should fill out the blank below SHERIDAN'S character. This is well said. And the dead soldier was a man of unflinching courage and of a chivalric spirit worthy of the palmy days of knighthood. The sympathy of the whole nation goes forth to his faithful wife and charming children in their bereavement.

DELICACIES OF THE MARKET.

Celery, 90 cents. Lettuce, 4 cents. Egg plant, 15 cents. Grese, 90 to 25 cents. Squate, \$3,50 a doses. White perch, 18 cents. Grapes, 20 cents a pound. Turkeys, 25 cents a pound. Tomatoes, 10 cents a quart. odcock, \$8, 50 per dosen. String beans, 5 cents a quart. Assorted fruit, \$1.28 a banket. Peaches, 50 to 60 cents a dozen. Spring chickens, 20 to 35 cents. Lobster, 10 to 19% cents a pound. Cauliflower, 15 cents: best, 25 cents, Pinms. 20 cents a dozen: best, 40 cents. Bananas, 30 cents a dozen; best, 5) cents. Pears, 40 and 60 cents a dosen; very best, \$1. Oranges, 40 cents a dozen; best, 60 cents to \$1. Muskmelons, 5 to 15 cents; large, 15 to 35 cents

VACATION TIMES FOR THE FINEST. Inspector Conlin is at Centre Moriches, L. L. his

favorite summer resort. Inspector Williams starts to-day on a ten days' cruise on his pretty yacht Eleanor. He takes a few kindred spirits along with him.

Commissioner McClave is enjoying the ocean breezes at Shelter Island. He comes up once a week so the Police Board can have a meeting. Officer Webb, of the Superintendent's clerical staff, is staying at Bath Beach, where he chums

with Shore Inspector Ferguson and Warden Finn. Sunt, Murray has torn himself away from his work at Police Headquarters for the first time in fourteen menths. He has gone to the Thousand lslands, where he will spend a well earned vacation of thirty days.

Chief Inspector Byrnes got back to Headquarters yesterday from Picasure Bay, near Long Branch. He found his rooms newly decorated and plenty of work before him. While the Superintendent is

Commissioner French has not been heard from since he reached San Francisco, two weeks ago. He is expected home to-night, the belief existing that the reception to James G. Blaine would be meaningless without the presence of Mr. French's flowing white mustache.

WORLDLINGS.

One of Chicago's millionaires, Mr. Dale, sold for \$75,000 not long ago a lot within the city limits that he originally paid only \$75 for. Gov. Thomas H. Seay, of Alabama, served

through the late war as a private in the ranks. In this respect his military career resembles that of Private Fifer, who is the Republican candidate for Governor of Illinois. For some time past a movement has been in

progress in St. Louis looking to the introduction of the penny into general use in trade and business in that city. Hitherto the nickel has been the small est coin in ordinary use there. The young Duke of Orleans, grandson of King

Louis Philippe, who has recently reached San Francisco on his tour around the world, is a great tiger-slayer. While in India last winter he killed five of the terrors of the jungle-one afoot and the others from an elephant's back. The richest man in all lows is said to be Ed-

win Manning, who lives in the town of Keosangua near Keokus. He has many militons, and his in erests include all sorts of enterprises between the two great rivers and the Missouri and Minnesot. nes. He was a pioneer settler in the State and has made every cent he bas.

Summer Accommodations for the Elite. [From Puck.]



Astonished Proprietor of Seaside Rotel-Gree savens, Mr. M'Gallister, is that you? Mr. Lord M'Gallister-Yes, Mr. Overflow: you wrote me that you hadn't a cottage for me this season; but I thought you wouldn't mind feeding me if I brought mine along. It's rather roomy for a cottage; but we'll call it " Saratoga Villa," and I'll pay the extra rent.

Should Be More Careful. [From the Nebraska State Journal.] Wife-John, I had a fearful fall this morning. Husband-How was that ? "I was going down the cellar s'airway ""And Is'pose you slipped and fell ?"
"Yes."
"Well, you'll have to be more careful. I just paid \$18 to have the stairway painted, and if you keep on you'll have it all scratched and dinged."

Stuyvesant Park Should Be Managed in the People's Interest.

Public Opinion Unanimous for the Evening Opening.

The Accompanying Petition Should Be Signed To-Day and Forwarded to " The Evening World "-A Public Hearing to Be Given by the Park Commissioners at 11 A. M. To-Morrow-Speedy Settlement of the Matter Assured-The Park Commissioners in Sympathy with the Popular Domand-Hamilton Fish, Jr., Denies that He Has Said There Was a Cedicil to the

The public hearing on the question of opening Stuyvesant Park in the evening occurs to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock before the Park Commission. Mr. Michael J. Kelly and others, representatives of the public meeting recently held in Stuyvesant Hall, and the committee from the Board of Aidermen will be present to voice the popular desire for the evening opening and to oppose the selfish plea of the few property-holders ple's rights in this matter.

The signed petitions, forwarded to THE EVENING WORLD, will be presented at the same time. In order that these petitions should adequately voice the sentiments of and forward it to-day to THE EVENING WORLD. It has been reported that Mr. Hamilton Fish, jr., had said in the district that there was a codicil or addendum to the deed of gift of Peter G. Stuyvesant, insisting on the closing of the gates at sunset. This is a false rumor, started by interested parties. Mr. Fish was found in his office on the top

floor of 104 Broadway yesterday afternoon. When told of the statement be denied all When told of the statement be denied all knowledge of any such paper. Said he: "I never made any such statement because I don't know that any such paper is in existence. Neither could my father have said anything of the kind, as he is out of town."

The desire of the people living in the neighborhood of Stuyvesant Park to have its gates thrown open in the evening is almost universal, and they are watching with anxious hope for the result of The Evening World's agitation.

World's agitation.

Benjamin Warner, employed in the cigar store on the corner of Fourteenth street and Second avenue, said he thought that the movement was a most commendable one. The people in the neighborhood, outside of those whose residences fronted on the square, were all in favor of having the gates opened

until 10 o'clock.

Mr. Charles W. Frank owns a goodly number of houses in the neighborhood of the park. He lives at 96 Second avenue. He said: "The Evening World's efforts to have park. He lives at 96 Second avenue. He said: "The Eventure World's efforts to have Stuyvesant Square opened to the people are most praiseworthy. I think that with a sufficient number of police, and a reasonable amount of light the value of the park to the people would be at least doubled. My relatives, as well as myself, own property in this vicinity, and I have heard them express themselves as being in favor of giving the park to the people.

Henry Wiesen, who keeps a grocery store at 352 East Thirteenth street, said that he heard his customers compliment The Evening World on its undertaking. He wished to see the gates opened, as it would be a great benefit to those for whom it was intended. The evening was the only time he had to go to the park, and as things had been in the past, he had never had the opportunity to enjoy Peter Stuyvesant's gift.

past, he had never had the senjoy Peter Stuyvesant's gift.
Mrs. Robert Sillery, at her bakery at 221
First avenue, said; No, I have no child-

Mis. Robert Sillery, at her bakery at 221
First avenue, said: "No, I have no children, but if the park was open in the evening
my husband and I would both go. I think
The Evening World is very enterprising in
taking the matter in hand."

John Albert, fr., druggist at 225 First avenue, said: "I am in favor of keeping the
park open until 10 o'clock, providing the
place is lighted and order is preserved. As
it is now, the nearest breathing spot
is Tompkins Park, and that is
a desert compared to Stuyvesant
Square. In the former there are
very few trees, in the latter there is an
abundance of shade trees, gravs and pretty

Bowl and that is
the race for the nomination for Sheriff. "I am
not a candidate from Troy to-day.

Assemblyman Edward P. Hagan is looming up
to compare the swould probably carry the Sixteenth District by
5,600 majority.

Col. William L. Brown is spoken of as a Democratio nominee for Congress to succeed Col. Merriman. The latter's vote against the Mills bill may
bowl him out of a renomination.

Ex-Alderman James Barker, of the Thirteenth
District, says that his friends have entered him in
the race for the nomination for Sheriff. "I am
not a candidate for any other office," says Mr.

Barker, "elective or appointive."

Square. In the former there are very few trees, In the latter there is an abundance of shade trees, grass and pretty flowers. See how people flock to the former place, and then just think how they would enjoy the latter. The Evenino World is worthy of a great deal of credit for its noble efforts on behalf of the poorer class of people in this neighborhood."

Henry Weinberg, a shoe dealer at 229 First avenue, said that if the park was open during the evening he would take his family there. He wondered why it was that this health-giving spot was denied the people at the very time that it was of the most value.

O. Egelling, at his bird store, 271 First avenue, said: "I have heard of the movement on foot to have the gates opened. I hope that the Commissioners will see the justice of the request and comply with it. The enterprise shown by The Evening World in this instance is in keeping with all The Evening World has done in the past."

Henry Schierer, drug clerk, Fifteenth street and First avenue, said: "If light and police protection are furnished, the evening opening of the square will be popular from the start. It is a shame that the park should be closed right at the time when it is needed. During the day it is the great resort for children. If it was opened during the cool of the evening I have no doubt many poor mothers, fatigued from the day's labor and heat, would avail themselves to obtain a little pure sir, such as they are strangers to at the present time." air, such as they are strangers to at the pres

ent time."

C. T. Uhl, of Thoesen & Uhl, furniture dealers, 253 First avenue, said he thought the square, if kept open until 10 o'clock, would be a good thing. His partner, Mr. Thoesen, thought the same.

John Gadde, of 213 Second avenue, also compliments The Evening World on its extilition of sublice states.

hibition of public spirit in trying to give "to the people that which belongs to the people."

THOSE CLOSED GATES.

A Scotchman Wonders at the Patience o

the American People. to the Editor of The Evening World : I have been very much interested in your afforts to have Stuyvesant Park open to the public, and that so much prayer and supplication should be needful for such a desirable object when the late Peter Stuyvesant, by his munificence, presented this park to the citizens of New York as a breathing spot, to be open at all times for their particular benefit, is surprising indeed. I cannot understand the reason why the people of New York have been so patient and long suffering as to be deprived of their rights to the use of this park, simply because a pack of haughty, insolent nabobs in the vicinity desire privacy. I am a foreigner myself and have seen a great deal of the world, but I am bound to say in no civilized country of the Old World would this be tolerated. Let the people of New York assert themselves. They own Stuyvesant Park and no one else. If the autocrats in the immediate vicinity of the park have no desire for the presence of the working people in their midst, then let them get out and let the public get in. If these gates cannot be opened then I say take them right off. They are not wanted. The people, zens of New York as a breathing spot, to be

not the gilded aristocrate, own the park. All honor to The Evenino World for the determined and resolute stand in defense of the people's rights. This is a Scotchman's opinion.

JAMES D. BUGRAMAN.

1556 Pacific street, Brooklyn.

STUYVESANT PARK PETITION Render Unto the People the Things The

Let every public spirited citizen of New York sign the accompanying petition, cut it out and forward it to THE EVENING WORLD. The hearing before the Park Commissioners occurs next Wednesday, and the people's case, as against that of a few selfish property. holders, should be made convincing and overwhelming. The signed petitions re-ceived will be laid before the Commission by THE EVENING WORLD.



to the Park Co Whereas, Stuyvesant Park was given to the people of New York by Peter G. Stuyvesant for their use exclusively as a Public Square; and whereas, a large proportion of our citi zens, by reason of their daily toil, are unable to visit the park except in the evening, we, the undersigned citizen of New York, re-spectfully request that your Honorable Hoard take action at the carliest possible Board take action at the arriest possible date for the opening of the gates until at least 10 r. m., and also that arrangements be made without delay for the proper lighting and policing of said park.

Signed:

LITTLE MOVES IN POLITICS The betting is now \$100 to \$20 that Gov. Hill will be renominated.

There is very little betting on the Presidential race. The odds are slightly in favor of Cleveland. It is said that the Fassett Senate Investigating The Tammanyites of the Twenty-third Assembly District will shortly houst an \$800 Cleveland and Thurman banner.

Col. Michael C. Murphy is likely to receive the County Democracy nomination for Sheriff, should Mayor Hewitt be renominated, The Democratic State Committee is rather slow

in getting to work. Chairman Edward Murphy, owever, is expected to arrive from Troy to-day.

Barker, " elective or appointive." Rx-Register Augustus T. Docharty has resigned

the Presidency of the Cleveland and Thurman Club of the Eleventh Assembly District. The members are followers of the County Democracy, Mr. Docharty has severed his connection with that machine and is now affiliated with the Purroy organi-THIRD HOUSE. The Reason Why.

Commercial Man (awakening, to Porter)-In al ready? Well, I've been travelling for aix years, and now I can say I've had one square night's sleet on a Pullman.

Porter—Been laying still for five hours, sabfreight wreck ahead. (Continues putting a patent leather polish on No. 17's russet leather shoes.)

The Tale of Hotel Registers. H. P. Dennis, of St. Louis, is at the Sturtevan

Capt. W. H. Sage, U. S. A., is a guest at the Grand Hotel. Col. H. C. Corbin, U. S. A., and Geo. P. Gardner, of Baltimore, are at the Hoffman House. Vice-President S. H. H. Clark, of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, is a guest at the Windsor Hotel. At the St. James are Col. J.a. E. Pepper, o Lexington, Ky., and Geo. F. Southard, of Buffalo D. S. Gray, of Columbus, O., and C. W. Cros-man, of Rochester, are stopping at the Fifth Avenue.

Late arrivals at the Astor House are Congressman John M. Farquhar, of Buffalo, and John Jarrett, of Pittaburg. of Pittsburg.

Thos. W. S. Kidd, of Springfield, Ill.; W. Maszy, of Pittsburg, and Warren Curtis, Corinis, N. Y., are at the Gilsey House. Registered at the Hotel Brunswick are Peter Lyali, of Montreal, Guy C. Noble, of St. Albana, VL., and J. G. Foliansbee, of San Francisco, Cal.

Among the new names at the Albemarie are George A. Beck, of Poughkeepsie; Chaa. D. Hin-man, of Columbus, O., and Alfred Windsor, of Boston. The Hotel Bartholdi's book shows the names of Thos. H. Quinn, of Boston; Stuart Spaniding, of Chicago; J. D. Mowery, of Norwich, Conn., and A. L. Bisnop, of Portland, Mc.

THE MIDSUMMER JOKERS.



Canac for Tribulation.

Ragged Urchin (weeping)-Oh, oh-oh, Benevolent Gent-What is the matter, my Urchin—I've lost (sob) my penny. Oh!

Gent—Never mind; here is another. (Urchin sets up another howl as he pockets the coin.)
Gent—What's the matter now?
Urchin—Oh, sir, if I hadn't lost that other
one I'd have two now.
E. H.
New York, Aug. 3.

Baseball in Full Progress. Dignified Gentleman (approaching ball-ground, sees urchin with his eye glued to knothole, and remarks)—Ball game in pro-

Boy (without removing eye)—Yes, sir.
"Who are the contesants?"

Jist now Baby Anson and de empire."

E. O. CAMP,

118 Carlton avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Restaurant a la Cart.

A Restaurant a la Cart.

To the Joke Editor of The Evening World:

Passing through Exchange place I happened to meet a pieman wheeling a handcart bearing the inscription Restaurant. Halling him, I asked by what right he called it a restaurant, to which he replied: 'Mine is a restaurant, and a good one, for you are only served d la carte (à la cart).

P. O. box 1,000 city. JOHN A. CLARKE.

A Very Clever Trick.

To the Joke Editor of The Frening World:

A neat trick was played on me the other day by an old toper. The old fellow brought in a black bottie and called for a pint of whiskey. I filled the bottle and kept it while he went through his pockets for the change. Presently he put on a look of dismay and said he had lost his money. "All right," says I, and turning out the whiskey gave him the bottle. He took it and went away, saying he would come back after the liquor presently. He did not come, however, but five minutes later I found him siting on the stoop around the corner poking in the bottle with a stick, and after every poke turned out a thimbleful of whiskey into a cup. I seized the bottle and made an investigation. What do you think I found? Why, the old rascal had forced a sponge as big as my fist into it, and this had soaked up a good glassful of my whiskey when I filled the bottle. Geo. Schomberg.

272 Fifty-second street, South Brooklyn. A Very Clever Trick.

Twenty Minutes of Grace.

A Boston girl got into a New York streetcar. Her ride was long. She fell zaleep, her
hand in her muff lying on the seat.
A young man full of Adam slipped his hand
in the muff and tenderly held the contents
till the owner awoke, and turning on her
cold, calm, intellectual eyes, said:
"Sir! I am a Boston girl, and I give you
just twenty minutes to take your hand out of
my muff."
EDITE DRAKE. Should Be Put in All the Histories.

A memorable event in the history of TRE VOILD—the destruction of the French (hotel) h 1888. SAM B. WEINSTEIN, 125 Division street, New York. A Poser.

To the Joke Editor of The Evening World:

When a watch company fails it winds up their affairs, says the Worcester Gazette. But what if the Waterbury Watch Company should fail?

A. L. B.,

111 Putnam avenue, Brooklyn.

A Joke in Two Chapters.

A Jeke in Twe Chapters.

To the Johe Editor of The Evenine World:

East Side Grocer—Well, my little man, what do you want?

Five-Year-Old (with ancient-looking bottle)—I dun know, Can't fink. (Retreats towards the door, but evidently has an idea, for, grasping the bottle with both chubby fists, he returns and endeavors to lift it on a level with the grocer's nose.) 'Mell it.

Astounded Grocer—Vinegar! Well, you're a smart one. What's your name?

Five-Year-Old—I dun know. Can't fink. (Brightening up, evidently encouraged by the result of previous experiment) 'Mell me. (I'me.)

F. C. F., 193 Second avenue.

Two from Brooklyn.

To the Joke Editor of The Evening World:

A pretty girl who was constantly annoyed by a young dude was asked by a friend why the dude was like the letter V.

"I don't know," she said. "Why?"

"Because he is always after U."

A sportsman on being asked what he would name his yacht, answered "Soup," because he found a leak (leek) in it the first day it was launched.

LOUIS LEMLEIN.

S9 Graham avenue. Brooklyn. A Local Conundram.

To the Jobe Editor of The Eventue World:
Why is Warren stree: like a parlor? Because it is below Chambers. This is original,
HARRY AUSTIN. even if somewhat rank. HARRY AUSTI 851 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, Aug. 5. He Didn't Doubt Her Word.

Lady Canvasser (with patent medicine, to stout gent)—I assure you, sir, it's an A No. 1 article. I know many who praise it 40 the skies.
Stout Gent—No. doubt, madam, for it has sent many to the skies to praise it.
J. A. Jacons. 123 East Forty-sixth street, Aug. 8.

Good Marksmen in the Audience. First Actor-Hello, Bill, I hear you've got

Becond Actor—Yes, played in Boston last week.
First Actor—Did you make a hit?
Second Actor—No, but the audience did.
189 West Sixteenth street.
J. O'K. How He Escaped.

An Irishman, on returning from the late war, was relating some of his narrow escapes. Said he: "Why, Tommy, at Bull kun I had a bullet go right through me heart." "Why, mon, I don't believe that you would be livin' now," quickly ejaculated Tom. "Well," said Pat, "yer see how 'twas, at the time of the action at Bull Run me heart was up in me throat." ne heart was up in me throat."

Jamaica, N. Y. FEED L. HARDENBOOK. Alphabetical Way of Doing It.

the Jake Editor of The Econing World.
Gallant Swain (to young girl at Coney Isl
ad)—When will the alphabet contain twen. ty-five letters?

She did not know, and so he observed:

'' When 'u' and 's' become one.

J. H. S., 1626 Tenth avenue

A Cheup Marriage. While a Justice of the Peace of a country

town sat warming his feet by the store, and his nose by a pipe, a stranger entered and presently inquired:

"Judge, how much will you charge me to read over about fifteen lines of printed matter from a book I have?"

"Why, can't you read them?" asked His

"EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

A Timely Isquiry.

I don't see why the procession in honor of James G. Blaine hasn't taken place by this time. He has been in the City of New York since last Wednesday.

No. 17 Allen st.

Louis Himmelman,

A Bad Place for Mesquiroes.

To the Joke Editor of the Erening World:

Philadelphian (frantically striking at a mosquito in Philadelphia.

New Yorker—No. I suppose not; they would starve to death there hunting for somebody to bite!

E. CLARK,

Sone Halsey street, Brooklyn.

This is Seasonable.

To the Joke Educated The Eventus World:

Why are the Giants' new uniforms like the Italian mountains? Answer—Because they are the 'appy nine's (Apennines).

W. Hepburn,

W. Hepburn,

W. Astreet, New York

City.

A GOOD SAMARITAN AT WORK.

Glimpees of "The Evening World" Physi-

In the rear of a tenement on Jackson street pale, slender woman of about twenty years spate, stender woman or about twenty years
yesterday stood washing some of her baby's
clothes. She was evidently unused to such
heavy manual labor, for every time the little
slim hands drove the wee garments down
into the sudsy water a perfect shower of
foam flecked her person and the pavement.

As The Evening World physician passed
by her on, his way to see a sick child, she by her on his way to see a sick child, she straightened her slender figure and, placing one water-shrivelled hand on her back, exclaimed: "Oh! doctor, won't you please help me, too? I have read all about you in The Evening World and made up my mind to ask you for aid when you came again."
"Certainly, What can I do for your baby," questioned the doctor.
"It isn't for baby, doctor, it's for me, I never was very strong, and since our little one came my health has been miserable." said the young mother, pushing back the short, thick hair from her face.

The doctor gave her professional advice and treatment, and as he left she said, gratefully: straightened her slender figure and, placing

fully: "Oh, doctor, what a blessing this free

"Oh, doctor, what a blessing this free trestment is to us poor folks who cannot afford to pay for a doctor's services. God bless The Evening World for the work it is doing."

Later in the day, after his busy tenement-house rounds, as the physician passed the river front he saw many of his little patients in the arms of mother, sister and in one or two cases their fathers' arms. Some of the babies were dressed in their near new clothes, but one and all were trying to make themselves comfortable, and perhaps wondering in a vague baby way why the air seemed so low down and hard to breathe. Poor little mites! They each and every one should be rolling on the soft grass, under the shadow of green trees in the blessed country these sultry, heavy days.

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER. An Adlronduck Idyl. [From Puck.]



Mr. Hanks (Hanks's Carry) - Ain't got 'em, genta. How'd a leetle panther's breath, sour mash sap, with 'lasses trimmin's sock yer? That's th' nighest i' cats I kin give yer.

Buty Betere Pleasure. [From the Boston Courier.]
First Policeman—Are you going to the concert ext Sunday evening?

Second Policeman—Sacred concert?

F. P. —Yes. The programme includes some fine old ballads, a negro minstrel sketch, recitations and comicalities by Buffoon, the noted humorist. S. P.—Aul I wish I could go. F. P.—Going to be on duty? S. P.—Yes, I've got to prevent the Salvation people from singing hymns in the street.

Obliging. Prom the Boston Courier. Tramp-Could you do anything to reliefe a poor man, air?
Citteen—Certainly; here's a fan; go and fan

How He Feels. (Prom the Surlington Free Press.)
It is supposed that a man feets awfully small when covered by a revolver.—Boston Traveller, On the contrary, he leels awfully, dangerously large.

Of Course. [From the Beston Courier.]
Wife (tenderly)—George, do you still love me, liusband (who is busy)-Yes, I love you still.

Among the Workers. "Big Six" will add about two thousand to Labor Day parade. The Miscellaneous Section of the Central Labor Union meets to-night.

Only American flags and trades banners will be carried in the Labor Day procession.

carried in the Labor Day procession.

The Board of Walking Delegates of the Building Trades meets Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 16 Cliston piace.

The discharge of a union floor committeeman is likely to lead to a general strike of moulders in Foley's foundry at Capcionatt.

Progressive Painters' Union No. 1 and the German House-rainers' Union met last night and decided to turn out in full force on Labor Day. The building frades unions represented in No. 49 are very anxious to get away from that turbulent organization and form a district of their own. Progressive Varnishers Union No. 3 held a large meeting last evening in Fifty-ninth street, be-tween Third and Lixington avenue. All the members were reported at work and doing well.

Do Not Neglect

That tired feeling, impure blood, distress after eating, pains in the bace, headachs, or similar affections till some powerful disease obtains a firm foothold, and re-

covery is difficult, perhaps impossible. Take Hood's Samaparilla, the defender of health, in time to penish all had feelings and restors you to perfect health. Hood's Sarespartile is sold by druggists. G1; six for 66. Prepared by C. I. SECOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

"Why, can't you read them?" asked His Honor.

"I can, but I want to hear how they sound when read aloud. Fill give you a quarter to read them to me."

"All right," said the Justice. "I can't can't wo shillings any quicker."

A woman opened the door at that moment and the stranger put down the book on the desk, clasped her hand and said: "Begin at the pencil-mark there, and read slowly."

His Honor's chin dropped exactly eighteen inches by dry measure as he saw that the reading matter was the usual form of marriage: but be didn't back down from his word. It was the cheatest marriage he ever attended, and he didn't half enjoy the chuckles of bride and groom as the went out.

BARNETT J. WELLER.

67 Borden avenue, Long Island City.

"EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

Stir Knight Slew the Mesquire and Then Regarded the Mesquire and Then Regarded as the welleng.

They were seated side by side upon the democratic benches of Buffalo Bill's camp at Staten Island. They were not acquainted, though this was evidently not his fault. He glanced at her rather wistfully from time to time, and his eyes said: "We are both alone, and conventionality forbids us to talk. I, for my part, would willingly cast formality to the four winds."

The maiden maintained a rigorous silence. She was deeply interested in the show. Every time Mr. Cody appeared she clapped her chubby little hands together in a frenzy of

chubby little hands together in a frenzy of enthusiasm. . The weather was fearfully warm. The

youth who had thought of casting formality to the four winds had made a mistake. There was not a breath of the fourth part of the four winds abroad. Soon the maiden began to fidget. She

Brodes wh Sur yes yel

grew uncomfortable. A soft, white arm. bare far above the wrist, apparently teased her. With her little filbert nails she plucked at it from time to time, demurely at first, carnestly later, and wildly at last. He looked on with a world of pity in his

big brown eyes. He was anxious to help her. He would willingly have been thrown by one of the bucking horses if, by so doing, he could win the right to speak to her.

The show proceeded. The maiden seemed to forget her anguish in the interest she felt. Her velvety arm lay for a moment inert in her lap.

Slap! The strong brown fingers of the youth were brought down with cruel firm.

drawn from the maiden fair.

The arm twitched. Her soft eyes looked ardently at the fortunate youth, and then dropped.
"Thank you so much!" she said sweetly.

some of the Dandy Campaign Buttons and Badges New in Fashion.
According to reliable authorities, the present Presidential campaign is going to beat the record away out of sight so far as the manuacture of campaign pins and badges are con-

"All the old-fashioned patterns for buttons and badges," says a manufacturer who devotes his attention particularly to this sort of goods. " were exhausted the first two weeks after the opening of the campaign, and we

after the opening of the campaign, and we have been at our wit's ends since then in getting out new designs and patterns, and now they are just being put on the market."

One of the latest patterns, he went on to say, is the pearl button. These are made of ordinary mother-of-pearl, about the size of a cuff button, and are colored red and blue, the former for the Democratic button, on which is inscribed a tasteful monogram of C. and T., and the latter for the Republican emilem, with a monogram of the letters H. and M. They are more durable than the first badges that were gotten out, and sell at 25 cents apiece.

badges that were gotten out, and sell at 25 cents apiece.

Another more elaborate variety is the enamelled button which comes in a number of designs to suit the ideas of the purchaser. Some of the Democratic buttons are made in the form of horseshoes of white enamel, on a gold ground, with the names of the candidates in black around the edge, and a four-leaved clover in blue and white enamel in the centre. Others are circular in form and equally elaborate in design. The price of tuese badges is 50 cents.

Another small button of exidized silver simply bears the names of the candidates in

Another small button of exidized silver simply bears the names of the candidates in rustic lettering. A new badge of the National Republican League is a white enamel button divided into three parts by gold lines containing the letters N. R. L.

It has been said that the dealers have been selling more Harrison and Morton than Cleveland and Thurman buttons. This is not see according to a Nassan street show

not so according to a Nassau street shop-keeper who sells a great many of each kind, and in walking up Broadway from Wall street to Park row yesterday, the writer counted only eighteen Harrison buttons to thirty-one for Cleveland. The members of the Consolidated Stock and retroleum Exchange make a big display of Cleveland butters, every Democratic member who belongs to the club being sup-posed to wear the badge.

A Plumber on a Charitable Errand Strikes "I had a narrow escape just now," said a

plumber to an Evening World reporter whom he met on the street. "How was that?" "Well, I went in that tenement-house to do some plumbing, and the needed repairs made it necessary for me to turn the water off from the entire house. As is customary

off from the entire house. As is customary in such cases I went around to the different families to bid them draw all the water they wanted for immediate use.

'I began at the top of the house, and notified all the people down to the second floor.

'The hailway on that floor waslyery dark, and I was feeling my way along cautiously, when a door opened, and a stout German woman came out and proceeded to give me the greatest tongue lashing that I ever got in my life. I tried to ask what was the matter, but my voice was lost in the torrent of abuse which came from her lips.

'I retreated slowly to the stairs, she following and still abusing me, when, as I reached the top step, she let up for a moment, and I asked: 'For heaven's sake, what's the matter with you?

'The answer came sooner than I expected; from some unknown source she produced a

"The answer came sconer than I expected; from some unknown source she produced a strong, able-bodied broomstick, and made a crack at my head, which, had it taken effect, might have bent the broom-handle.

"The flood-gates of her wrath were opened again, and, thinking that discretion was the better part of valor. I dashed down the stairs, with the woman in close pursuit, the broom-handle beating a tattoo on the stairs about a foot behind me.

"She gave up the chase at the front door.

handle beating a tattoo on the stairs about a foot behind me.

"She gave up the chase at the front door, and I ran around the corner in search of a policeman. I could not find any, however, and after a long mental struggle I determined to go back and demand an explanation, even at the risk of encountering the broom-stick, and so I returned to the house.

"The woman was standing at the door, and the minute she saw me she began the most profuse apologies, saying that she mistook me for a man who lived on the floor above, and who had kept her awake by dancing the night before.

"Well I forgave her, but hereafter when I tackle a dark hall I propose to carry a lantern," and the plumber strolled off, rubbing his head reflectively.

The Schooner Club's Red Letter Day.

The Schooner Club, one of Harlem's biggest solidest and joiltest politico-social organizations, has notified all its members and friends to get ready for Thursday, Aug. 16.
That day is set apart and marked with a red

letter in many a home as the date fixed or the seventh annual excursion and clam bake of the dub. The excursion is to Sesside Park, Bridgeport, Conm., and the guests will leave Harlem Bridge at 8.30 a. M. by the iron steamer Sirius.

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